THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

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Literary Trifling.

OCULAR PUNS—LITERARY SQUINTING.

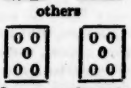
In Mr. Gerard's Letters in Rhyme, (which we noticed pretty fully in a previous number, and from which we presented our readers with a specimen,) there is a lithographic engraving, or medley, consisting of some dozen or score of whimsical emblematical devices, which are resolvable into words or sentences.* We presume that friend Gerard took the hint from his great predecessor and prototype, the celebrated Hogarth, who, upon one occasion, wishing to ask a friend to dinner, sketched a very tempting pie, with knives and forks, and other necessary apparatus—with a motto, consisting simply of three letters of the Greek alphabet, H B Π; that is, Eta, Beta, Pi; meaning thereby, "Eat a bit of pie." In like manner, the author of Letters in Rhyme, by means of a few devices, or strokes of the pen, and an occasional letter or word to eke out the meaning, contrives to convey whole sentences in an ingenious and whimsical manner, as we shall presently show by a specimen or two.

We must premise, however, that there are two varieties of the genus pun:—the pun audible, addressed to the ear; and the pun visible, addressed to the eye. By a little practice, a proficient in the art of ingeniously tormenting words, or, as it is sometimes called, "literary squinting," need ever be at a loss to make a hit by one of these methods, having, as it were, two strings to his bow. Indeed there are no limits to the capabilities of a thoroughgoing punster. It has been said, by some slanderous wag, that the only way to prevent a woman from chattering, is to deprive her of her tongue. Even this process, however, would not be effectual with a punster, as we shall illustrate, by an anecdote of one of the profession. This gentleman was so inveterately prone to the habit of torturing the King's English, that a friend actually betted him a dinner and wine for a party, that he could not refrain from punning for a quarter of an hour. The wager was accepted; but before half the time had expired, our punster, who appeared as fidgety as a fish out of water, was observed to approach the window, where he immediately began to whistle a tune. "There," exclaimed his friend, "he is at it; I will venture my head that he is punning at this moment." Upon approaching the window, he perceived, immediately below it, the parish stocks, in which two little mischievous urchins were cooped up for some unlucky prank. When we apprize our readers of the tune which this scene suggested to the whistling punster, they will not wonder that he was adjudged guilty by the umpires:—it was, "The Babes in the Wood." The coincidence was declared to be a most palpable pun; and the offender, in the words of Franklin, found that a man may "pay too much for his whistle."

* We cannot forbear here expressing our regret that the lithographic embellishments of Mr. Gerard's work are printed in so slovenly a manner, that the finer touches and some of the mottos are scarcely discernible.

As a specimen of the ocular puns to be found in Mr. Gerard's lithographic sheet, we insert the following, merely premising, that, in the original, spades, diamonds, clubs, or hearts, are used instead of the cyphers (0) which we have for convenience adopted.

To



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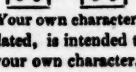


Your own character.

This, when translated, is intended to mean, "To traduce others sinks your own character," that is, To *traduce* others *cinques* your own character.

Another of the bagatelles consists of a miniature representation of a city, with its domes and houses, contained in the crown of a kind of a hunting cap;—the solution of which is "Incapacity," that is, *In-cap-a-city!*—Another of these puzzles is a capital letter S, upon which appear the letters HAPP, meaning "Happiness," that is, *Happ-in-S.*—There is also a capital letter D, in which is the figure of a man suspended on a gallows, which is meant to represent the word "Independent," that is, *In-D-pendent.*

If our readers conceive that we have bestowed too much notice upon a most trivial subject, they will, we trust, bear with us upon the present occasion, when they know that our object is to assist a worthy and ingenious man, who has more than common claims to the sympathy and patronage of the public, in consequence of a most distressing visitation, which has nearly deprived him of every active exertion for the support of a large family. The bagatelles to which we have just adverted, however lightly they may be estimated by a majority of Mr. Gerard's readers, will, perhaps, gratify some of our young friends, at this season of the year; and our present notice of the subject may, therefore, in some degree, promote the circulation of the "Letters in Rhyme."—*Edit. Kal.*

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE UA MORE,

A REMARKABLE CAVERN ON THE COAST OF SUTHERLAND.

Supposed to be from the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

[FROM ACKERMANN'S "FORGET ME NOT."]

After rowing about three miles to the westward of Loch Eribol, we enter a creek between two ledges of very high rocks, and landing, find ourselves in front of the wonder we came to see. The exterior apartment of the cavern opens under a tremendous rock, facing the creek where we landed, and occupies the full space of the ravine where we debarked. From the top of the rock to the base of the cavern, as we afterwards discovered by plumb, is eighty feet; the height of the aperture or arch is fifty-three feet; the rest, being twenty-seven feet, is occupied by the precipitous rock under which it opens; the width is fully in proportion to this great height, being one hundred and ten feet. The depth of this exterior cavern is two hundred feet, and it is apparently supported by an intermediate column of the natural rock. Being open to daylight and the sea, this cavern is perfectly clean and dry, and the sides are incrusted with stalactites. The immense vault is so well proportioned, that I was not aware of its extraordinary height and extent, till I saw two of our friends who had preceded us, having made the journey by land, appearing like pigmies among the recesses. Afterwards, on entering the cave, I climbed up a sloping rock at its extremity, and was much struck with the view, looking outwards from this magnificent arched cavern upon our boat and its crew, the sight being otherwise bounded by the ledges of rocks which form each side of the creek.

We now proposed to investigate the further wonders of the cave. To the right, or west side, opens an interior cavern of a different aspect. The height of this second passage may be about twelve or fourteen feet, and its breadth about six or eight feet, neatly formed into a Gothic portal by the hand of nature. The lower part of this porch, or entrance, is closed by a ledge of rock, rising six or seven feet, which I can compare to nothing but the hatch-door of a shop. Beneath this hatch a brook, finding its way out, forms a black deep pool before the Gothic archway, and then escapes to the sea, forming the creek at which we landed. It is somewhat difficult to pass this strange approach, so as to gain a view of the interior of the cavern. By clambering along a broken and dangerous cliff, you may, however, look into it; but only so far as to see a twilight space, filled with dark-coloured water in great agitation, and representing a subterranean lake moved by some great convulsion of nature. How the pond is supplied with water, you cannot see from even this point of vantage; but you are made partly sensible of the truth by a sound like the sullen dashing of a cataract within the bowels of the earth.

Here the adventure has usually closed—but we were determined to explore the bounds of this new cave of Montesinos to an end. Our friends had secured the use of a fisher's boat and the hands, our own long-boat being too heavy, and far too valuable, to be ventured upon this subterranean Cocytus. Accordingly the skiff was dragged up the brook to the rocky ledge or hatch, which barred up the interior cavern, and there, by force of hands, our boat's crew and two or three fishers raised the boat's bow upon the ledge of the rock, then brought her to a level poise upon that narrow hatch, and lastly lanched her down into the deep and dark subterranean lake within. The entrance was so narrow, and the boat so clumsy, that we, who were all this while clinging to the rock like seafowl, and with scarce more secure footing, began to be greatly alarmed for the safety of our trusty sailors. At the instant when the boat sloped inwards to the cave, a Highlander threw himself into it with great boldness and dexterity, and, at the expense of some bruises, shared its precipitate descent to the waters under the earth. This dangerous exploit was necessary to prevent the boat drifting away from us, but a cord at its stern might have obviated the expedient. When our *enfant perdu* had recovered his breath and legs, he brought the boat to the entrance and took us in. We now found ourselves embarked on a black pond of subterranean water, irregularly shaped; the rocks, like a dome, rising all around us, and high over our heads. The light, a sort of dubious twilight, was derived from two chasms in the roof of the vault, for the rays passing from the entrance were dim and wavering. Down a rent came pouring, in a sheet of foam, from a height of eighty feet, the brook, which, after supplying the subterranean

pond with water, found its way out beneath a ledge of rock which blocked its entrance. The other skylight, if so I may term it, looks out to the clear blue sky. It is impossible for description adequately to explain the impression made by so strange a place, to which we had been conveyed with so much difficulty, to witness a scene to us unparalleled. The cave itself, the pool, the cataract, would have been separately objects of wonder; but united all at once, and affecting the eye, the ear, and the imagination, their effect cannot be pictured by words. The length of this cave, or loch, as the people here call it, is seventy feet over; the breadth about thirty at the narrowest part, and it is of great depth.

As we resolved to proceed, we directed the boat to a natural arch on the west, or right side of the cataract. This archway was double, a high arch being placed above a very low one, as in a Roman aqueduct. The ledge of rock forming the lower arch is not above two feet and a half from the water, and under this we were to pass in the boat—we were obliged to pile ourselves flat in the boat, like layers of herrings. By this judicious disposition we were pushed in safety under the ledge of rock into a region of utter darkness. However, we had provided a tinder-box and torches. The view back upon the lake we had crossed—its sullen eddies wheeling round and round, and its echoes reverberating the ceaseless thunder of the waterfall—seemed dismal enough, and was aggravated by temporary darkness, and in some degree by a sense of danger. The lights indeed dispelled the latter sensation, if it prevailed to any extent, and we now found ourselves in a narrow cavern, sloping somewhat upwards from the water. We got out of the boat, proceeded along some slippery places upon shelves of the rock, and gained the dry land,—I cannot say dry, except comparatively. We were then in an arched cave, twelve feet high in the roof, and about eight feet in breadth, winding into the bowels of the earth about a hundred feet; the sides being (like those of the whole cavern) of limestone rock, covered with stalactites, and with small drops of water like dew, glancing as ten thousand thousand sets of diamonds under the glare of our lights. In some places these stalactites branch out into broad and curious ramifications, resembling coral, and the foliage of sub-marine plants. When we reached the extremity of this passage, we found it decline suddenly to a horrible ugly gulf or well, filled with water, and of great depth, over which the rock closed. We threw in stones, which indicated vast profundity by their sound; and growing more familiar with the horrors of the den, we ascertained with an oar that its depth was about ten feet at the entrance; but in the same way discovered that the gulf stretched beneath the rock, deepening as it went—no conjecture can estimate how far. Imagination can figure few deaths more horrific than to be sucked under these rocks to some unfathomable abyss. A water kelpy, or any evil spirit of aquatic propensities, could not choose a fitter abode; and, to say the truth, I believe at our first entrance, and with all our feelings afloat at the novelty of the scene, the unexpected plashing of a seal would have routed a whole dozen of us.

The mouth of this appalling gulf was all covered with slimy alluvial substances, which led one of our party to observe, that it could have no separate source, but must be fed by the waters of the lake and brook, as it lay upon the same level, and seemed to rise and fall with it. Rounding this perilous gulf, upon the aforesaid alluvious substances which formed its shores, we reached the extremity of the cavern, which there ascends like a vent or funnel, directly up a sloping precipice, but hideously black and slippery with sea-weeds. One of our sailors, a Zetlander, climbed up a good way, and by holding up a light we could plainly perceive, that this vent closed after ascending a considerable height; it was evident we could proceed no further in any direction. In returning, we endeavoured to familiarize ourselves with the objects in detail, which, viewed together, had struck us with so much wonder.—The stalactites, or slimy incrustations upon the walls of the cavern, are chiefly of a dark brown colour; and in this respect, the Ua More is inferior to Slodh Altrim, in the Isle of Sky.

In returning, the men with the lights, and the various groups and attitudes of the party, gave much amusement. We now ventured to clamber along the side of the rock above the subterranean water, and thus gaining the upper arch, had the satisfaction of finding our admirable and good-humoured commander floated beneath the lower arch into the second cavern. His goodly countenance being illumined by a single candle, his recumbent posture, and the appearance of a hard-formed fellow guiding the boat, made him the very picture of Bibo in the catch, when he wakes in Charon's boat, "as full of champaigne as an egg's full of meat." Descending from our superior station on the upper arch, we now again embarked, and, at a considerable distance beneath the outer arch, stood and beheld a sailor grasping an oar, who, in the perspective, seemed as a fairy with a magic wand.

After gaining the outer portal, we determined to ascend the rocks, and discover the opening by which the cascade was discharged from above into the second cave. We easily found the brook, and traced its descent till it precipitated itself down a chasm in the rock into the subterranean apartment where we first made its acquaintance.—Divided by a natural arch of stone from the chasm down which the cascade falls, there is another vent, which, as, already noticed, serves as a skylight to the cavern; standing on a natural foot-bridge, formed by the arch which separates these two gulfs, you have a grand prospect of both. The one is deep, black, and silent; only affording at the bottom a glimpse of the dark and sullen pool which occupies the interior of the cavern. The right-hand vent, down which the stream discharges itself, seems to ring and reel with the unceasing roar of the cataract, which envelops its sides in mist and foam This part of the scene alone is worth a day's journey. After heavy rain, the torrent is discharged into this cavern with astonishing violence; and the size of the chasm being inadequate to such a volume of water, it is thrown up in spouts, like the blowing of a whale. At such times the entrance to the cavern is inaccessible.

REMINISCENCES OF MICHAEL KELLY.

(Continued from our last.)

It was formerly the fashion of the day for the subscribers to the Opera to attend the rehearsals; amongst others, the late Duke of Queensberry was a constant attendant; no weather kept him away; there he was on the stage, muff and all. I had the pleasure, for many years, to be honoured with his peculiar notice; and have been frequently invited to his hospitable table, both in Piccadilly and at Richmond. In my intercourse with mankind I never met his superior for worldly knowledge and acuteness: he was a nobleman of polished manners, of the *vieille cour*: he had his foibles, it is true; but, then, who has not? On Tuesdays and Saturdays he had generally a large dinner party of the French nobility, who were obliged to seek shelter in this country from the horrors of the Revolution; he was well aware that a French lady or gentleman is *au desespoir*, unless they can go to some spectacle; and he used the following delicate mode of indulging them in their favourite amusement, knowing that they were too poor to indulge themselves, and too proud to accept of pecuniary assistance. After coffee had been handed round, he used to ask, "Who is going to the Italian Opera tonight? I long to use my family privilege." I was present one evening when the Duchess de Pienne asked him what this privilege meant? He said, it was that of writing admissions for the theatres to any amount he pleased, without entailing any expense. This was apparently a joyful hearing to the theatrical amateurs, and nine of the party went that evening to the Opera with his written admissions. He had previously made an arrangement with Mr. Jewel, the Opera-house Treasurer, and also with other theatres, that his orders were always to be admitted, and the next morning sent to his steward, who had directions to pay the amount of the admissions which his Grace had sent in. This delicate manner of conferring a favour needs no comment. * * * * *

Great preparations were made for the performance of "Cymon," and I had a number of children brought to me, that I might choose a beautiful Cupid, who was to lie at the feet of Cymon. One child struck me, with a fine pair of black eyes, who seemed, by his looks and little gestures, to be most anxious to be chosen as the god of Love. I chose him, and little did I imagine that my little Cupid would eventually become a great actor; the then little urchin was neither more nor less than Edmund Kean. He has told me, that he ever after this period felt a regard for me, from the circumstance of my having preferred him to the other children.

On the 14th January, 1792, the Pantheon Theatre was burned. Mr. Sheridan was with me on that day; I went with him to Oxford-street to view the conflagration. While Mr. Sheridan was observing how very high the flames were, he said, "Is it possible to extinguish the flames?" An Irish fireman, who was close to us, and heard him make the observation, said, "For the love of Heaven, Mr. Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy, Sir; by the powers it will soon be down, sure enough, for they won't have another drop of water in five minutes." Pat said this in the natural warmth of his heart, for he imagined that the burning of the Pantheon must be gratifying to Mr. Sheridan, as the proprietor of Drury-lane.

The acting of D'Egville, in Agamemnon, was inimitable. Noverre, as ballet-master, was the greatest master of his art, but he was a passionate little fellow. I once felt the effects of his irritability. The horses attached to the car in which D'Egville was placed, were led by two men from Astley's, one of whom was so drunk, that he could not go on the stage. I had been acting in the opera, but was so eager for the affray, and so anxious that things should go on right, that I had taken off my opera dress, and put on that of a Grecian supernumerary, and, with a vizor on my face, of course was not known. I held one of the horses, and all went on correctly. I was standing behind the scenes talking to one of the men in my supernumerary dress, and perhaps rather loudly; Noverre, who was all fire and fury, came behind me and gave me a tremendous kick, "*Faisez-vous, bete*," exclaimed he; but when I took off my vizor, and Noverre found he had been kicking his manager, he made every possible apology, which I, of course, accepted, and laughed at the incident, at the same time begging him not to give another *striking* proof of his personal attention to the concern. By the way, the carpenters seemed by their looks to say, that the kicking was better bestowed upon *me* than on one of themselves; however, I can assure the reader it was the *manager's* last kick. * * * * * * * *

While we were waiting dinner for Mr. Sheridan, Kemble studied the prologue which he was to speak the next night, and which consisted of fifty lines, and was perfect in every word of it before dinner was commenced; a powerful proof of his retentive memory and quick study, for to my certain knowledge he had it not in his possession altogether more than an hour and a half. I have often heard him say, that he would make a bet that in four days he would repeat every line in a newspaper, advertisements and all, *verbatim*, in their regular order, without misplacing or missing a single word. * * * * *

I feel much pleasure in recording an anecdote, which must prove highly gratifying to a young lady now engaged at Drury-lane Theatre, as well as to her friends. When Miss Wilson appeared at Drury-lane Theatre in Artaxerxes, Mr. Elliston wished me to hear her, and give him my opinion of her. I was at that time too ill with the gout to be able to attend the theatre. My old and valued friend, Madame Mara, was then in London. I wrote to her to call upon me, and requested her to go and hear Miss Wilson, to give me her true and candid opinion of her abilities, as I could not go myself; and after the performance to return to me and make her report; which she did, and a favourable one it was. "But," said she, "I was at Drury-lane a few nights since, to see the pantomime; there was a little girl, who sung a balled, 'Up, Jack, and the day is your own;' that girl, depend upon what I tell you, has one of the finest voices I ever heard; and, could I be induced to take a pupil to bring forward on the stage, that girl should be the person of my choice." The young lady is Miss Povey; and proud may she be of having been so mentioned by such a person as Madame Mara. * * * * *

It was about this time (1795) that the well-known Chevalier Saint George was in London, and with him Giernovick, the celebrated violin player. Giernovick, who was a desperate duellist, quarrelled with Shaw, the leader of the Drury-lane orchestra, at an oratorio, and challenged him. I strove all in my power to make peace between them. Giernovick could not speak a word of English, and Shaw could not speak a word of French. They both agreed that I should be the mediator between them; I translated what they said to each other most faithfully; but, unfortunately, Shaw, in reply to one of Giernovick's accusations, said, 'Poh! Poh!' "*Sacrê Dieu!*" said Giernovick, "what is de meaning of dat Poh! Poh!—I will not hear a word until you translate me, Poh! Poh!" My good wishes to produce harmony between them for some time were frustrated, because I really did not know how to translate 'Poh! Poh!' into French or Italian; I, however, at last succeeded in making them friends, but the whole scene was truly ludicrous.

The next extract is an anecdote of our worthy friend, Jack Johnstone:—While at Margate, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, and myself, were staying at the Hotel, kept by a man whose manners were as free and as easy as any I ever met with. He was proverbial for his nonchalance, and a perfect master of the art of making out a bill. One day, Johnstone dined with us, and we drank our usual quantum of wine. In the course of the evening, our bashful host, who, amongst other good qualities, was a notorious gambler, forced upon us some Pink Champagne, which he wished us to give our opinions of. My friend, Jack Johnstone, who never was an enemy to the juice of the grape, took such copious draughts of the sparkling beverage, that his eyes began to twinkle, and his speech became somewhat of the thickest;—my honest host, on per-

ceiving this, thinking, I suppose, to amuse him, entered our room with a backgammon table and dice, and asked Johnstone if he would like to play a game. Johnstone at that time was considered fond of play, of which circumstance mine host was perfectly aware. Mrs. Crouch and I earnestly entreated Jack to go to bed, but we could not prevail on him to do so; he whispered me, saying, "You shall see how I will serve the fellow for his impudence;" and to it they went. The end of the business was, that before they parted, Johnstone won nearly two hundred pounds, and I retired to bed, delighted at seeing the biter bit. It was, what the cocknies call, "quite refreshing."

The Investigator.

[Comprehending Political Economy, Statistics, Jurisprudence, occasional passages from Parliamentary Speeches of a general nature, occasional Parliamentary Documents, and other speculative subjects, excluding Party Politics.]

POLITICAL ECONOMY MADE EASY.

[*Continued from our last.*]

CHAP. V.—CONTINUED.

ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH DETERMINE THE POINT AT WHICH ACTUAL WAGES SETTLE.

We have seen that the *minimum* of wages is that quantity of the products of industry which climate and custom render necessary, in order to support the labourer while at work, and to induce him to keep up the race of labourers; and it has appeared that the *maximum* of wages is that quantity of the products of industry which remains, after replacing the advances, not consisting of wages, and paying the capitalist the lowest rate of profit which will induce him to continue the work of production.

Now when climate and custom have fixed the minimum below which the reward of labour cannot fall, and when the quality of the soil, the skill with which labour is applied, and the degree of freedom which is allowed to trade, have determined the maximum beyond which it cannot rise, what is the precise circumstance which fixes the point at which actual wages settle?

In order to put this important question in a more exact and definite form, we will assume that the minimum wages of the labourer are five quarters of corn a year; and that the minimum profit, for the sake of which the capitalist will make advances, is seven per cent.; and we will suppose that a farmer, by employing 100 labourers, and advancing 500 quarters of corn for seed and implements, obtains a reproduction of 1605 quarters. In this case, what is to determine the wages which the 100 labourers shall receive? They may receive only 500 quarters, should wages fall to the minimum; or they may receive 1000 quarters, should wages rise to the maximum; because, as the farmer obtains a reproduction of 1605 quarters, he may, in addition to his advance of 500 quarters for seed and implements, pay 1000 quarters to his 100 labourers, and still have upon this whole advance of 1500 quarters, the minimum profit of seven per cent., which is sufficient to induce him to continue his business. What then determines whether the 100 labourers shall receive as their wages 500 quarters or 1000 quarters, or some medium quantity between these two extremes?

The answer to this question is, that the one and only cause which can determine where, between the maximum and minimum, the wages of these 100 labourers shall be fixed, is the proportion which the farmer's capital bears to the quantity of labour. A mere statement of the relation between the amount of the capital and the quantity of the labour will render this self-evident.

HOW THE PROPORTION BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOUR REGULATES ACTUAL WAGES.

The farmer, on commencing business, can command, we will say, a capital of 1000 quarters of corn; and by the supposition he advances 500 quarters for seed and implements. Over and above his necessary expenditure for these he has but 500 quarters disposable, and therefore it is physically impossible that he should give to his 100 labourers more than those 500 quarters as their wages.

The farmer obtains a reproduction of 1605 quarters; but if 605 quarters of these are absorbed in the current expenses of his family, his capital, at the commencement of the second year, will be exactly equal to what it was at the commencement of the first, and any increase of wages will continue to be impossible.

But supposing that our farmer, out of the 605 quarters formerly devoted to the current expenses of his family, contrives to save 250 quarters, and adds them to his capital of 1000 quarters, then it will immediately become possible for an advance of wages to take place; and assuming that the number of labourers remain as before, an advance of wages equal to the increase of capital, necessarily will take place; the 100 labourers receiving 725 quarters instead of 500 quarters. For when the farmer, in order to extend his cultivation, makes an addition to his capital, he will require a greater number of hands, and will seek to tempt them into his employ by the offer of higher wages.—But as the increase of capital is supposed to be general, all other capitalists will require additional hands as well as our farmer, and will be offering higher wages also. All the capitalists will be unwilling to let their additional capital lie idle for want of hands, and, with the twofold object of retaining their own labourers, and of obtaining those of their neighbours, will go on advancing wages until the whole of their additional capital is absorbed.

Assuming that all the labourers are already employed, and that no addition is made to their numbers, it is morally certain that the whole of every new accumulation of capital will assume the form of increased wages, until the reward of the labourer has reached its maximum. New accumulations of capital are made for the sake of obtaining advantage therefrom. But it is impossible that new accumulations of capital should be advantageously employed, unless labourers can be procured. Hence, every additional portion of capital necessarily and inevitably creates an additional demand for labour. The new capital accumulated for the purpose of gaining an advantage by the employment of labourers, comes into the market and bids fair for hands; the old capital, in order to retain its hands, is compelled to bid against the new, and this process goes on until the whole existing capital is invested in wages, seed, materials, and machinery. But as a given number of hands can use only the same quantity of seed, materials, and machinery, these items of capital cannot, while the quantity of labour remains stationary, be increased; and therefore it is only in the form of increased wages that the new accumulations of capital can appear.

When the number of labourers remains stationary, nothing can prevent every new accumulation of capital from appearing under the form of increased wages, except such an intimate understanding and concert amongst capitalists as would induce each individual of the class, instead of seeking for additional hands, to allow all his new accumulations of capital to remain idle and unproductive. But the supposition of an intimate concert among capitalists, for such a purpose, involves this manifest contradiction and absurdity—namely, that they accumulate capital for the sake of employing it advantageously, at the same time that they resolve not to employ it at all. If there were an understanding that all new capital should be kept unemployed, no new accumulation would take place. Whenever new accumulations do take place, they supply a complete demonstration that no combination for the purpose of not employing them exists. If such new accumulations are made, it is in order that they may be employed; and if they are employed, the quantity of labour remaining the same, there is no form in which they can appear, except that of increased wages.

On this principle, if our farmer, employing as before, 100 labourers, advancing 500 quarters of corn as seed and implements, and obtaining a reproduction of 1605 quarters, were, out of the 605 quarters formerly devoted to the current expenses of his family, to save 500 quarters instead of 253 quarters, then the second 250 quarters thereby added to his capital, would, like the first, take the form of increased wages, and the reward of the 100 labourers, which had before risen from 500 to 750 quarters, would now rise to 1000 quarters. Here wages would have reached their maximum, for the farmer, advancing 500 quarters for seed, and 1000 quarters for labour, and obtaining a reproduction of 1605 quarters, would gain no more than the minimum profit of seven per cent, which, by the supposition, is necessary to induce him to carry on his business.

Under these circumstances it is plain that if the number of labourers did not increase, wages would continue at their maximum. Should the labouring class, during the increase of capital, and advance of wages, have acquired a taste for superior modes of living, the minimum below which wages cannot fall without reducing the supply of labour, might be made to coincide with the maximum, beyond which they cannot rise without suspending the employment of capital. When the coincidence of minimum and maximum wages is brought about by superior habits of living among the people, raising the former to the level of the latter, the labouring classes will be in the most affluent condition in which, in the nature of things, it is possible they should be placed.

This affluent condition can be preserved to the labouring classes so long only as they may refuse to burthen themselves with families sufficient to keep up the race, unless they receive the highest wages which can be paid, without trenching upon the minimum rate of profit. An increase in the number of labourers, without a contemporaneous and proportional increase in the quantity of capital, is inevitably followed by a decline of wages. While our farmer's capital consists of seed and implements sufficient to employ 100 labourers, and of a quantity of necessaries sufficient to pay them wages, at the rate of ten quarters of corn per man, it is physically impossible that he should, with this capital, give employment to 110 labourers at the same wages.

It will be demonstrated in a subsequent chapter, that when on the last land resorted to, the smallness of the produce obtained, deprives the farmer of the power of giving his labourers more than is sufficient for the support of animal life, the high rent which competition causes to be paid for all the more fertile soils, reduces the cultivator of the best, to the same level with the cultivation of the worst, and brings down universally the maximum of wages to the minimum.

Hitherto we have taken our proofs and illustrations from agricultural labour, because in agriculture the principal things expended, such as food and seed, being homogeneous with the things reproduced, enable us to form a direct comparison between the quantities expended and the quantities reproduced, and thus give a simplicity and distinctness to our illustrations, which could not otherwise be obtained. The principles, however, which regulate wages in agriculture, also regulate them in manufactures.—Where, as is now the case in this country, competition is allowed to operate, the value of the common labour employed in producing the first necessaries of life will regulate the value of all other kinds of labour; allowance being made for different degrees of hardship and of hazard, and for the time and expense required in learning a trade.

BEYOND A CERTAIN POINT, THE PROPORTION BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOUR CEASES TO HAVE ANY INFLUENCE ON WAGES.

It has appeared that minimum wages are fixed by climate and by the habits of living prevalent among the labouring classes; that maximum wages are determined by the quality of the soil under cultivation, by the skill with which labour is applied, and by the degree of freedom allowed to trade; and that the point at which actual wages fall is regulated by the proportion which exists between capital and labour.

The ratio between labour and capital appears sometimes to be considered as the only regulator of wages. If the condition of the great body of the people be easy and comfortable, it is contended that all that is necessary to keep it so is to make capital increase as fast as population; or, on the other hand, to prevent population from increasing faster than capital; and that if the condition of the people be not easy and comfortable, it can be made so only by quickening the rate at which capital increases, or by retarding the rate at which population increases.

This is taking a narrow and incomplete view of the circumstances which regulate wages. The ratio between capital and labour is not the only cause; it is but one out of the several causes by which wages are governed. When climate and custom have determined the point below which the reward of labour cannot fall, and when the quality of the soil, and the skill with which industry is applied, have fixed the maximum beyond which it cannot rise, then the ratio between population and capital, or, more correctly, between the quantity of labour and the amount of capital, determines the intermediate point at which actual wages settle. Though labour and capital should go on increasing in the same proportion, and though they should constantly preserve the same ratio to each other, yet the necessity of resorting to inferior soils might gradually reduce the maximum of wages until it coincided with the extreme minimum, below which labour cannot be sustained. At this point the supply of labour, could be no further increased; and if habits of frugality amongst the opulent classes continued to convert revenue into capital, the ratio of capital to population might go on increasing, without producing the slightest advance of wages.

When in the progress of wealth and population wages and profits have fallen to their minimum, and when the next quality of land to be taken in cannot be made to yield a re-production sufficient to pay their minimum wages, and to replace advances with minimum profits, then that which is saved from revenue, to be added to capital, cannot be employed at home, and will be invested in foreign loans, and foreign adventures. At this point the most rapid accumulation of capital, though going on while population remained stationary, could have no possible influence on wages.

[*To be continued.*]

Poetry.

OLD WOMEN.

[From Mr. E. Gerard's "Letters in Rhyme."]

Old women are no more! the race is gone,
No revolution ever can replace 'em,
For which I'm very sorry: I, for one,
Am much indebted to their care, God bless 'em!
I wonder how the world can now go on
Without them. If from memory I could trace 'em,
I'd like to leave on record, in your care,
A striking likeness of what once they were.

This venerable being, now no more,
A much-esteem'd trust-worthy creature, she,
Beneath a snow-white, nice-quill'd, close cap, wore
Her own gray hairs, comb'd back so prettily;
A double handkerchief did duty o'er
Her neck and breast, pinn'd on so bonnily;
Her gown was plain and large, and none could doubt
Her wearing pockets, when she walk'd about.

Suspended from her waist a bunch of keys
On one side, pair of scissors on the other,
Besides a large pincushion, where, at ease,
A gross of pins, at once, were wont to smother;
Her housewife, thimble, spectacles—all these
In pocket ready:—Such was my grandmother;
I'll never look upon her like, I fear,
Not five feet high, and yet my granny dear.

Her petticoats were long, of substance good,
And ample also in circumference,
From under which her feet scarce dare obtrude;
Like modest merit, fearful to advance:
Her face was pale, and when in pensive mood,
Her Bible open, heavenward bent her glance;
The "altogether" of her form was one
To cut in marble for "Thy will be done."

She could not use the harp, as I believe
She could the spinning wheel—a thing now shocking,
She could not waltz, indeed, but she could weave,
As witness, to my comfort, many a stocking;
This she would think was idling, and would grieve
Unless (as Dido did) her foot was rocking
The "baby's cradle," singing when it cried;
She looked like industry personified.

Whenever she dined out—'twas seldom, though—
At stated times, and at her children's houses,
The birthdays of her favourite "Jane," or "Joe,"
Or that which gave her children to their spouses,
Or to present her namesake with "Crusoe,"
Or Christmas time, when "*tout le monde*" carouses,
When she would join a social game of whist,
If not past seven, or "children did insist."

O 'twas a sight to see the little ones
Running to meet, and bring her on her way,
All laying claim "to bear her staff"—at once,
And hoping she was come "for all the day;"
Displaying all their dolls, and drums, and guns,
Insisting she would come and join their play;
One brings a stool to rest her feet upon,
One folds her cloak, and longs to put it on.

They were the objects of her tenderest care,
Their weal—her daily thought and nightly dream;
And they made what return they could—they were
Obedient and attentive, each would seem
To strive their utmost—for the greatest share
Of her commissions; happy would he deem
Himself, who heard her say, "Go, child! and bring
"My black silk mittens, shawl, or—any thing."

She would not of their pleasures rob the young,
Unless they trench'd on health, or on decorum;
Yet she would hint what songs should not be sung,
And liked at dancing seasons, to watch o'er 'em;
When she could not give praise, she held her tongue,
The same behind folks' backs she'd say before 'em;
And lov'd (this raised her high in my good graces)
To see a group of happy human faces!

ON A CHILD AT PLAY IN A CHURCHYARD.

Thou play'st, fair boy, unconsciously,
The dewy graves upon;
Thy heart beats light and cheerily,
It knows not yet to mourn:
And little dreams thy joyous breast
Of guilt, and woe, and tears;
Of days and months of banished rest,
And withering griefs of years!

Thou play'st, young boy, on hallowed ground,
Where holy men have prayed;
And sport'st upon the grassy mound,
Where orphan tears are shed:
But what reck'st thou of hallowed ground,
Of holy men, or tears?
Thy infant heart can lightly bound,
No fest'ring wounds it bears!

Play on, play on, delighted child,
Be joyous whilst thou may;
Too soon, of early bliss despoiled,
Will pleasure flit away;
And all that world so fairy bright
To thy young opening view,
Will clouds o'ershadow, deep as night,
Deep, and, ah! lasting too!

Thou sport'st it where the lover sleeps,
Where childhood's form is laid;
Where sorrow wakes no more, and weeps,
Where rests the hoary head!
And what to thee or warrior's grave,
Or sea-boy's quiet home,
That hear no more the battle rave,
Or rushing of the storm!

Thou sport'st upon the hallowed mound,
In childhood's artless glee,
As if that sad and sacred ground
Were scene of revelry;
And little deem'st her grave upon
Thy infant feet have trod,
To yield thee life who gave her own,—
Thy mother—now with God!

And still play on, dear gladsome child,
And let thy heart be gay;
For many a morn has brightly smiled
To show a darksome day:
And twine the rose round beauty's grave,
And bid it flourish there;
For yet thou hast not learnt to grieve,
And life for thee is fair.

Ah! might, fond boy, the future hour
As cloudless be, and bright;
And ne'er, for thee, the tempest lower,
That sets in rayless night!
But bootless were the wish, and vain—
Why tearful gaze on me?
Go, go,—resume thy sports again,
The world yet smiles for thee.

Liverpool. G.

BAGATELLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If you think the following attempts at versification of two very tolerable Irish stories, respecting an Irish Judge, Mr. Day, may be admitted into the *Kaleidoscope*, they are at your service. If you deem them unworthy of such honour, pray destroy them without ceremony.—Yours, &c. T. C.

Mr. Day, t' other day,
Got married, they say,
Which to Norbury when they declare,
"Ah! ah!" said my Lord,
"Now, I think, on my word,
'Twas, indeed, a *day* after the *fair!*"

Before Mr. Day a poor Paddy was tried,
For something nocturnally taken;
When the Judge did enact,
That the proofs of the fact
Were greatly too strong to be shaken.
While leaving the bar, after sentence was passed,
Poor Paddy exclaim'd, in a fright,
"By my soul, it's a shame,—
Here I lose now the same,
By DAY, that I gain'd by the night."

Fashions for December.

MORNING DRESS.—Dress of lavender-colour gros de Naples: the corsage made rather high, and shaped at the back: the fulness regulated at the top by three narrow bands, or silk braid of the same colour: the sleeve full and long, confined at the wrist with three ornaments of different lengths, narrowing towards the cuff. The skirt is tastefully trimmed with four notched rows, of the same material as the dress, two of the rows pointing upwards, the others falling downwards, and a fluted band, encircled with a rouleau, adorns the centre; beneath is a wadded hem. Epaulette braces, of pink and white gros de Naples, meet in a point behind, extend in a slanting direction to the shoulders, cross in front, with long ends loose from the ceinture, which is the same as the dress: the epaulette is trimmed with a double row of pink and white quilled ribbon.

The cap is made to correspond, being formed of pink and white and lilac gros de Naples, and a border of Grecian lace; two rouleaux extend across the crown, composed of the three different colours; the hindermost has a bow of pink ribbon attached, the same as the strings. Lilac kid shoes.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of pomegranate colour, or scarlet gros de Naples: the corsage made to fit the shape, square across the bust, and rather high; the fulness longitudinal, and regulated by seven perpendicular bands, equidistant, slightly approximating at the waist; the back is full, with five bands to correspond, and fastened with hooks and eyes: the sleeve is short and full, with three divisions, one in the centre, front and back, formed by a triple bow, or three emarginate leaves, united by a bacca, or berry; the sleeve is finished by a corded band. The skirt is ornamented with four rows of rouleaux, arranged in an antique pattern, each uniting with the one beneath, and forming a neat and novel border.

Head-dress composed of a broad band of scarlet and yellow *crêpe lisse* and French beads, with a large uniform bow on the right side, with two rows of beads across the centre. The hair divided in front, two large curls on the temples, and ringlets on each side; the hair very tastefully arranged at the top and back. Chain of gold round the neck, and a row of pearl. Long pearl ear-rings, set in gold; broad bracelets of coloured beads outside the gloves, which are of kid. White satin shoes.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

	Barometer at noon.		Thermometer 8 morning		Thermometer noon.		Extreme during Night.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Nov.										
23	29	95	45	0	50	0	38	20	S.W.	Cloudy.
24	29	87	47	20	50	20	44	20	S.W.	Cloudy.
25	30	17	45	0	48	0	43	20	W.N.W.	Fair.
26	29	51	41	20	47	0	40	0	W.S.W.	Rain.
27	29	54	41	0	43	20	40	20	S.W.	Rain.
28	28	83	48	0	52	20	37	0	S.W.	Fair. Slight
29	28	64	41	0	44	20	0	0	S.E.	Rain [showers

The Beauties of Chess.

ERRATUM.—In consequence of our chess-board having been altered for a position at draughts, in the *Kaleidoscope* of Nov. 22, the order of the letters at the head and foot of the table were misplaced, which will render it necessary for our chess readers to make the following alteration in the table in our last. The square there marked A ought to have been H, or, in other words, the order of the letters, instead of being from right to left, ought to have been, as heretofore, from left to right, A B C D E F G H. This will be readily done with a pen, and it will explain to *Mungo* why the solution in our last appeared incorrect.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME LXX.

	White.	*Black.*
1	King .....D—3	1 King.....F—1
2	Bishop .....E—3	2 King.....E—1
3	Bishop .....G—2	3 King .....D—1
4	Bishop .....F—2	4 King.....C—1
5	King.....C—3	*5 King .....D—1
6	Bishop .....F—3 ⋊	6 King.....C—1
7	Bishop .....E—3 ⋊	7 King.....B—1
8	King.....B—3	8 King.....A—1
9	King.....A—3	9 King.....B—1
10	Bishop .....E—4 ⋊	10 King.....A—1
11	Bishop.....D—4 ⋊ MATE.	

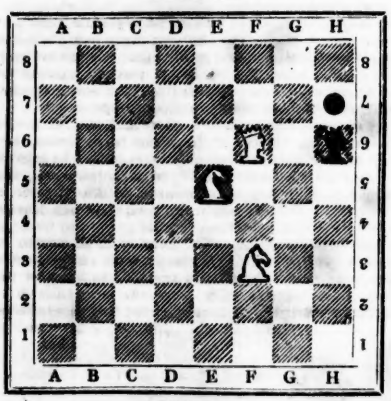
* If the black king moves to B 1,

6	w. bishop..D—5		
	b. king....A—1.....or	b. king....C—1	
7	w. bishop..E—3	7 w. bishop..F—3	
	b. king....B—1	b. king....B—1	
8	w. king....B—3	8 w. king... B—3	
	b. king....A—1	b. king....A—1	
9	w. bishop..F—4	9 w. bishop..E—3	
	b. king....B—1	b. king....B—1	
10	w. bishop..E—4 ⋊	10 w. bishop..E—4 ⋊	
	b. king....A—1	b. king....A—1	
11	w. bishop..E—5 ⋊ MATE.	11 w. bishop..D—4 ⋊ MATE.	
		or, 8 b. king....C—1	
9	w. bishop..E—3 ⋊	9 b. king....B—1	
10	w. bishop..E—4 ⋊	10 b. king....A—1	
11	w. bishop..D—4 ⋊ MATE.		

[NO. LXXI.]

The white to move, and to checkmate in three moves.

Black.



WHITE.

LITERATURE.—The following works are just published —*Time's Telescope, and Guide to the Almanack*, for the year 1826, illustrated with a fine engraving of the Holy Family, from Corregio's celebrated picture, price 9s. in boards.—A new edition of *Thinks I to myself*, by Thinks I to myself, who? a Serio-comico Tale, with a portrait of the Author, price 9s. in boards.—*The Spirit of the Journals* for 1825, being an impartial Selection of the best Essays, Jeux d'Esprit, and Tales of Humour; illustrated with a fine portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and numerous cuts, price 10s. 6d. in boards.—*Platt's Universal Biography*, vols. 1, 2, and 3. This work is chronologically arranged, and comprehends Regal, Imperial, and Historical Characters, as well as persons of eminence in every Art and Science. Its advantages of arrangement are many, inasmuch as by the juxtaposition and classification of contemporaneous lives, a continuity as well as a sympathy of interest is excited, which is wholly unattainable in a dictionary or other alphabetical form of arrangement, wherein every subject of reference must of necessity be unconnected and isolated; whereas, in a chronological and classified arrangement, Biography is not confined to the memoirs of particular individuals, but comprehends the progress of History, Literature, Arts, and Sciences. The first series of this work comprehends the whole of the Scripture and ancient Biography, to the time of our Saviour, and is complete in one volume, price 18s. The second series comprehends the period from the Birth of Christ to the Reformation, in two volumes, £1 10s. Published by Sherwood and Co. Paternoster-row.

Literature.

AN ESSAY ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

Written originally in French,

BY EDWARD GIBBON, JUNIOR, ESQ.

Reprinted for the Kaleidoscope.

[CONTINUED FROM A FORMER NUMBER.]

The Connexion between Physics and Literature.

XL. In all the sciences we depend on reasonings and facts. Without the latter, the objects of our study would be chimerical; and, without the former, our most scientific acquirements would be implicit and irrational. Thus it is, the Belles Lettres are miscellaneous: and thus every branch of natural philosophy, the study of which, under an apparent meanness, often hides its real importance, is equally so. If Physics hath its buffoons, it hath also (to speak the language of the times) its *erudits*, its pedants. The knowledge of antiquity presents both to the one and the other a plentiful harvest of facts, proper to display the secrets of nature, or at least to prevent those, who make them their study, from embracing a cloud instead of a goddess. What information may not a physician draw from the description of a plague that depopulated Athens? I can admire with him the majesty and force of Thucydides,(a) the art and energy of Lucretius;(b) but he goes farther, and learns from the miseries of the Athenians to alleviate those of his countrymen.

I know the ancients applied themselves but little to the study of nature; that destitute of instruments, and single in their experiments, they were able to collect only a small number of observations, mixed with uncertainty, diminished by the injuries of time, and scattered up and down at random, through a number of volumes:(c) but should their scarcity induce us to neglect them? The activity of the human mind is usually increased by difficulties; and strange would it be if relaxation and negligence should be the offspring of necessity.

The Advantages of the Ancients.

XLI. The most zealous advocates for the moderns, I think, don't deny the superior advantages which the ancients in some respects possessed. I shudder at the recollection of the bloody spectacles of the Romans; those savage combats of wild beasts, which Cicero so much despised and detested.(d) Solitude and silence were by him preferred to these master-pieces of magnificence, horror, and wretchedness of taste.(e) In fact, to take delight in bloodshed is only worthy an herd of savages.

(a) Thucydides, lib. i.

(b) Lucretius, de Re Natur. lib. vii. v. 1136, &c.

(c) M. Freret thinks the philosophical observations of the ancients more exact than is commonly imagined. Those, who are acquainted with this author's arguments and talents, will know the weight of his authority. See Mem. de l'Acad. des Belles Lettres, tom. xviii. p. 97.

(d) Cicero envies the happiness of his friend Marius, who spent his time in the country during the magnificent diversions of Pompey. He speaks with sufficient contempt of the other representations; but particularly of the combats of wild beasts. "Reliquiæ sunt venationes, (says he) binæ per dies quinque; magnifice, nemo negat, sed quæ potest homini esse polito delectatio, cum aut homo imbecillus a valentissima bestia laniatur aut præclara bestia venabulo transverberatur."

(e) Cicero ad Familias, lib. vii epist. i.

The construction of palaces, in which to exhibit the combats of wild beasts, could be thought of only among a people who preferred the decorations and machinery of a theatre, to the finest verses and the most exquisite beauties of the drama.(f) But such were the Romans; their virtues, their vices, and even their most ridiculous amusement were connected with their ruling passion, the love of their country.

Those spectacles, nevertheless, so shocking in the eye of the philosopher, so frivolous in that of a man of taste, ought to be valued by the naturalist. Let us imagine the whole world ransacked to furnish subjects for these diversions; the treasures of the rich, the influence of the great all employed to find out creatures remarkable for their figure, strength, or rarity; to bring them into the amphitheatre at Rome, and there to make a display of the whole animal.(g) This must certainly be an admirable school, particularly for the study of that noblest branch of natural history, which applies itself rather to the nature and properties of animals than to the minute description of their bones and muscles. We must not forget that Pliny frequented this school, nor that ignorance hath two daughters, incredulity and implicit faith. Let us be equally cautious to defend ourselves against the one and the other.

The Countries in which the ancient Physicians studied Nature.

XLII. If we leave this theatre to enter on a more extensive one, and inquire what countries were open to the researches of the ancient naturalists, we shall find they had in this respect no reason to complain.

Navigation, indeed, hath since discovered to us another hemisphere: but the discoveries of the seaman, and the voyages of the merchant, do not always improve the world so much as they enrich it. The limits of the known world are more confined than the material one, while those of the enlightened world are still more narrow and contracted. From the times of its Plinys and Ptolemys, Europe has been, as at this day, the seat of the sciences: but Greece, Asia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, countries fruitful in the wonders of nature, then abounded with philosophers worthy to regard them. All that vast body of men were united by peace, by the laws, and by a common language. The African and the Briton, the Spaniard and the Arabian, met together at the capital, and mutually instructed each other. Thirty persons of the first rank in Rome, often men of science themselves, but always accompanied by such as were,(h) set out every year from that metropolis, to govern the several provinces; and, if they had any curiosity at all, authority was always at hand, to facilitate the operations of science.

Of the Inundation of Great Britain by the Sea.

XLIII. It was, doubtless, from his father-in-law Agricola, that Tacitus learnt that the sea, overflowing the island of Britain, had rendered it a country of bogs and marshes.(i) Herodian confirms the fact.(k) And yet at present, the land of this island, except in some few places, is sufficiently high and dry.(l) May not we place this circumstance among those which serve to confirm the system of the diminution of fluids? Or is it in the power of art to deliver the land from its subjection to the sea? The situation of the morass of Pomptina(m) and some others, gives us but indifferent ideas of that of the ancients in this particular. Be this as it will, content with having furnished the materials, I leave the use of them to the naturalists. It is not from the ancients that we learn to skim the superficies of things, to examine nothing to the bottom, and to speak with most confidence on those subjects we understand the least.

(To be continued.)

(f) Horat. lib. ii. epist. i. v. 187.

(g) See Essais de Mont. vol. iii. p. 140.

(h) Strabo, lib. xvii p. 816. Edit. Casaub.

(i) Tacit. in Vit. Agricol. c. 10.

(k) Herod. Hist. lib. iii. c. 47.

(l) Tacitus expresses himself on this subject in the following manner:—"Unum addiderim nusquam latius dominari mare: multum fluminum huc atque illuc ferri, nec littore tenus accrescere aut resorberi, sed influere penitus atque ambire; etiam jugis atque montibus influere velut in suo."

(m) Cethegus, the consul, drained this morass, A. U. C. 592. In the time of Julius Cæsar, however, it was again overflowed. This dictator had a design of setting people to work at it. It appears Augustus did so. But I doubt if his endeavours succeeded any better than the former. At least Pliny calls it still a morass. Horace had indeed in a manner foretold it.

"Debemur morti nos nostraque
Sterilis ut palus dudum aptaque remis.
Vicinas urbes alit et grave sensit aratrum,"

Frensheim suppl. lib. xlvi. c. 44. Sueton. lib. i. c. 44.

The Traveller.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.—(No. II.)

(From the Leeds Mercury.)

THE NETHERLANDS—FACE OF THE COUNTRY—CONVEYANCES—TOWNS—CHURCHES—PICTURES OF RUBENS.

DEAR ——— *Cologni, August* 30, 1825.

There is much in the Netherlands to interest, amuse, and instruct an Englishman, and I intend giving you in this letter a few remarks on each of the above-mentioned topics. The general appearance of the country is that of great fertility and careful cultivation, and of the towns, that of decayed opulence and grandeur. Passing from Ostend, through Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp, to Louvain (with the exception of the country about Brussels) scarcely the slightest inequality in the surface of the earth is to be observed. The country is traversed by fine broad and straight roads paved in the centre, and by wide canals, but the traveller sees only a field or two on either hand, which seem extremely fertile, and especially abundant in garden produce. If, however, he ascends a steeple in some of the large towns, he will then have a view of magnificent extent, and, from the profusion of wood with which the whole country is covered, the beauty of the towns and villages, and the number of rivers and canals, he cannot fail to be struck with admiration. From Louvain to Liege, upwards of forty miles, the road is almost one continued ascent till the level of the river Meuse is attained, and it is only after traversing this road that you can form a lively idea of the propriety of the name *Low Countries* given to the Netherlands.

I was not a little amused with the public conveyances in this country, which partake much more of the Dutch than the French character. I do not speak of the barges on the canals, which are slow enough, but handsome and commodious. But the diligences here are most unwieldy and unsightly things, and appeared the more so to me after having just entered London by one of the rapid mails. You can hardly imagine a greater contrast. The mail is driven by a smart cockney coachman, in handsome top-boots, white breeches, and costly surtout, who manages his fine horses with surprising ease and dexterity, holds in one hand shining reins fit for a gentleman's carriage, and in the other flourishes a long and beautiful whip, often puts his horses to full gallop, and maintains a speed of nine or ten miles an hour. The diligence from Brussels to Antwerp on the other hand, is a ponderous double-bodied vehicle, calculated to hold about sixteen persons inside, independent of those in front: the top is piled with luggage, and a long inscription round the body purports that it is an *accelerated* conveyance. The horses, three in number, are placed all abreast, and harnessed with the utmost simplicity,—with ropes for traces, a rusty collar, and reins to match, instead of bridle to sustain the head, blinders, crupper, or any other leathern incumbrance; and being of a heavy, broad-backed breed, undocked, and without a spark of mettle, they run along poking forward their heads, switching about their long tails, more like pigs than steeds, and often several feet apart. The *conducteur* or driver also has little in common with the dandy mail-coachman. A lumbering Fleming, of Dutch conformation, with a short neck, and shoulders nearly a yard across, in a greasy jacket, and little flat cap to set off his broad cheeks, sits in the midst of four or five mynheers on the box, holds most ungracefully the single pair of reins in both hands, and occasionally trusts them to one hand whilst he brandishes a cart-whip, which descends with uncouth thwack upon the rump of the beasts before him. After all, this assemblage of clumsiness in the resisting, the moving, and the guiding powers, contrives to travel at the rate of six miles an hour, the roads favouring it as much as possible.

The towns of the Netherlands are for the most part much less populous and less wealthy than formerly. Bruges, Ghent, Louvain, &c. are greatly decayed, and as a most remarkable instance it is stated, that the last-mentioned town, which now has a population of only twenty thousand souls, employed in the fourteenth century a hundred and and fifty thousand hands in the cotton manufacture alone. These towns still wear the marks of their ancient grandeur, in magnificent town-halls, churches, and other public buildings, many of them crowded with admirable specimens of the fine arts in painting and sculpture, and containing great riches in jewels and sumptuous decorations. They were formerly for the most part strongly fortified, but the eccentric Emperor, Joseph II. ordered nearly all the fortifications to be destroyed, and they still remain in their dismantled state. There is not a town or village in the Netherlands, that I have seen, in which the houses are not whitened, and this gives them an air of cleanliness and liveliness which will be vainly looked for in the towns of England. Most of these towns have also large public squares and market-places, often planted with rows of trees, and presenting conveniences to trade, now little wanted. The richest church in the country is that of St. Bavon, at Ghent, but the most famous for its architecture and its paintings is the Cathedral, or church of Notre Dame, at Antwerp. The tower of this edifice, which is only surpassed in height by two towers in Europe, is excelled by none in architectural beauty. It is of the style called the florid Gothic, and in the shape of a spire. The exquisite workmanship and elegant effect of this steeple cannot be surpassed. I can compare the upper part to nothing more properly than to a majestic poplar tree: the pinnacles which run up its sides resemble foliage for their lightness and minute carving, and every portion of the surface seems to be fretted with ornaments. I know of nothing resembling it in England; but Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey will give you the best idea of the style. The view from the summit is extremely magnificent, embracing the town, docks, and fortifications; the river Scheldt, (celebrated as one of the causes of the late war,) a majestic stream, wider than the Thames, at London; its course for several leagues to the ocean, and the fatal Isle of Walcheren at its mouth: the distant spires of Malines, Ghent, and many other towns, and a wide expanse of most fertile country.

But the riches contained in the interior of this edifice almost efface the remembrance of its external beauties. Those riches consist in some of the master-pieces of Rubens, and other fine pictures, all of which may be said to be admirable. This great master, though a native of Cologne, spent his life at Antwerp, and it is only when his productions, existing in these two towns, are seen that his merits can be at all appreciated. For myself, at least, I may say, that Rubens was by no means a favourite of mine till I saw his *chef d'œuvres* on the Continent, and that with them I have been fascinated. When I speak of paintings, you will bear in mind that I am no *connoisseur*; I am a great admirer of the productions of the pencil, which often display as much genius, though of a different kind, as the sublimest works of poetry; and I have also seen many of the most celebrated collections in our own country: but I cannot aspire further than to the character of an *ameteur*, having never made any study of the art. With this explanation, then, let me say, that I had hitherto looked upon Reubens as little better than a brilliant colourist, and had seldom discovered in his paintings the sublime of character and expression which marks the productions of the Italian Schools. His women are in general so unconscionably fat, so outrageously Dutch, and all his figures so massive, that one who has formed his taste by Greek sculpture and Italian paintings cannot fail to be offended with them. I give as an example, the best known of his pictures in England, the Rape of the Sabine Women, in the National (Angerstein's) Gallery. Look at those tender damsels, and say if any men of these degenerate times could carry them off: so far from it, you would match the sprawling viragos against either Romulus or Tarquin. The same fault is discoverable in most of Ruben's productions on the Continent, but there are some of his *chef d'œuvres* in which it does not appear, or in which at least it is more decidedly counterbalanced by excellencies. I would particularly mention three. The first is that in the chapel of the family of Rubens, in the church of St. James, at Antwerp: the edifice is splendid, all shining with marble and gold, but the picture over the artist's tomb is the most esteemed ornament. It represents the Holy Family, with St. Jerome and St. George worshipping the infant Jesus: but all the figures are portraits; and it is rather the family of Rubens than that of Joseph and Mary. You see the painter himself, his two wives, his daughter (who represents the Virgin) holding his infant child, to whom his father and father-in-law are bowing in reverence. The idea seems to me profane; and I, fortunately, did not know, when I saw the picture, that it was any thing more than a family group. As a painting, it is the most brilliant I ever beheld: brilliant, too, without gaudiness, displaying the most admirable skill in the disposition of all its figures, the contrast of light and shade, the harmony of tints, the propriety of attitudes, and whatever can contribute to general effect. Though not possessing sublimity of expression, it has great character, and is full of life and vigour: the group interests, the colouring surprises, the *tout ensemble* delights and enchants. The *execution* of this piece seems to me superior to that of any other of his works. The next picture (accounted his finest) is in the cathedral of the same town. The subject (the *Descent from the Cross*) is much more sombre, sublime, and interesting than that of the former piece, and it is appropriately treated. The moment chosen is that when the body is disengaged from the tree, and lowered by the executioners into the arms of John, Mary Magdalen, 'and the other Mary.' The virgin mother stands by in speechless, but not hopeless, grief; she seems oppressed by the weight of an afflictive mystery. Darkness overspreads the heavens, and the figures are illuminated with a chastened light: the body is utterly lifeless and nerveless, but not cold or rigid, and the countenance, soiled and bloodied, still wears the expression of anguish mitigated by resignation. The grim faces of the executioners above are contrasted by the mournful expression of the group. If there is any fault in the work, it is, that the beautiful face of one of the Marys has no other expression of grief than a tear. On the whole, this is an admirable production, and rivets the attention of the spectator: it is much more carefully finished, in all the details, than is usual with Rubens; and the colouring, as well as the arrangement, is extremely fine. The dimensions of the canvas are very large,—about ten feet in height by seven in width. This is one of the pictures taken by Napoleon to Paris, and placed in the Louvre, with the other invaluable paintings, statues, and curiosities, of which he robbed all the great cities of Europe. When the *chef d'œuvres* of Rubens were restored, the town of Antwerp was illuminated, the authorities and inhabitants went out in grand procession to meet them, and every mark of exultation attended their triumphal entry.—The last production of this master, on which I intend to make a few remarks, is in the church of St. Peter, at his native city, Cologne. The subject is the *Martyrdom of St. Peter*, and the work, like the basilisk, "charms the eye with dread." I shudder at the recollection of it. The most horrible moment is selected—when the venerable apostle is suffering the process of crucifixion: one hand and one foot are already fastened, the nail has pierced the other foot, and the hammer is uplifted to fix it to the tree: the second arm is forcibly held in its place by one of the executioners: there are five or six of these grim ruffians, whose countenances, while they labour with furious energy at their task, are more fiend-like than human. It requires a powerful effort to retain the body in its position, the head being downwards, the tree already fixed in the earth, and the whole frame of the martyr being convulsed with agony. The muscles of the thighs and loins are violently contracted, and the unfastened arm drawn up. Yet, when you observe the face of the apostle, it appears that the anguish is more bodily than mental: not that the mind does not sympathize with the frame, but that it also expresses resignation and a powerful hope. The blood has rushed to the head, the pain is at its extremity; but he seems to recollect a greater sufferer, and his look is that of supplication to a higher power. An angel appears above, holding towards him a crown of glory. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I say, that this picture, notwithstanding the nature of the subject, is absolutely splendid; it would be difficult to point out any part unnaturally coloured, yet, such was the glowing pencil of Rubens, that nothing came from it that was not brilliant. If you did not notice the subject, you would approach the piece with charmed gratification; but on discovering what was represented, you would recoil with horror.

The works of this great and original, but by no means faultless master, abound in the churches, museums, and private collections of the Netherlands, as also do the finished and exquisite productions of Vandyke. Here, too, and especially in Antwerp, are a profusion of the pictures of Wouvermans, Ostade, Cuyp, Teniers, Van der Heyde, Berchem, &c. but in general they do not appear to me at all superior to the specimens we have of those masters in England. Enough of the fine arts; I am off to visit the higher beauties of nature—the magnificent banks of the Rhine.

E.

Miscellanies.

THE RATH, OR BURMESE IMPERIAL STATE CARRIAGE.

It is not many years since the carriage of Bonaparte was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, as a trophy of the successful valour of our countrymen. Thousands ran to visit it; and the exhibitants reaped a rich harvest from their speculation. Another carriage has just been imported into this country, obtained in the same gallant manner, and destined to excite, in a similar degree, the attention of the idlers of the metropolis. The fortune of war flung into the hands of our Indian army, in the last campaign, the Rath, or State Carriage of the King of Ava; and a speculator at Calcutta, deeming that it would be equally attractive with the carriage of Bonaparte, purchased it from the captors, and transmitted it to England by the Cornwall, East India-

man. We were invited to inspect it, and to our great surprise found that the Burmese artists had produced a very formidable rival to that gorgeous piece of lumber, the Lord Mayor's coach. It is not, indeed, quite so heavy, nor quite so glassy as that moving monument of metropolitan magnificence; but it is not inferior to it in glitter and in gilding, and is far superior in the splendour of the gems and rubies which adorn it. It differs from the metropolitan carriage in having no seats in the interior, and no place for either sword-bearer, chaplain, or any other inferior officer. The reason of this is, that, whenever the "Golden Monarch" vouchsafes to show himself to his subjects (who, with true legitimate loyalty, worship him as an emanation from the Deity) he orders his throne to be removed into it, and sits thereon, the sole object of their awe and admiration. A couple of Japanese peacocks are placed on a gilt bar, at the front and rear of the coach, with their heads turned towards his Majesty; and, instead of an aged coachman, with a white wig and three-cornered hat on his head, and a long whip in his hand, there sits, on a silver pedestal, a young boy, with a cap studded with carbuncles and sapphires on his head, and a lofty golden wand in his hand, surmounted with a small Tee, as the emblem of sovereignty. The body of the coach, instead of tottering under its own weight, is made steadfast and immoveable, by four wreathed dragon-like figures, which support it, whilst the pannels, instead of being disfigured by allegorical paintings, which mean every thing and nothing, are covered with small squares of transparent horn, set in gilt frames, which are studded at the angles with raised silver glass mirrors. The interior of the carriage is furnished, both in the sides and on the roof, with reflectors; and, in order that his Majesty of the White Elephant may have nothing near him to create an unpleasant thought, adulatory verses are written on the frames of the windows, in praise of his many great and beneficial qualities, which yield not, in sycophancy, to those of an English laureat. The steps are detached from the carriage; for his Majesty holds it foul scorn, that any thing which is so liable to be soiled as the steps are, should be folded up and brought within possible contact with his sacred person. The city carriage is heavier, and, we should think, larger in the wheels; but then, the spokes are not so richly silvered, nor are the fellies so elegantly cased in brass-work. The pole of the London vehicle is lighter than that of the Burmese, probably because the one is to be yoked to light active horses, and the other to unwieldy elephants. The roof of "my Lord Mayor's coach" is very clumsy and unseemly; but that of the Burmese Monarch is extremely imposing and beautiful. It bears, we are told, an exact similitude to the chief pagoda at Shoemadro, and consists of seven stories, progressively diminishing, in the most skilful proportions. The borders of each story are admirably designed and carved, and are studded with gems of every description. The lowest story is surrounded with gilt metal bells, to which are appended heart-shaped chrystal drops. Whenever the carriage is in motion these bells emit a soft and pleasing sound; so that the Burmese Monarch, without having either rings on his fingers or bells at his toes, is accompanied by music on all his peregrinations. The dimensions of the Burmese carriage are, we should suppose, much larger than those of the civic carriage, which is the only vehicle to which we can compare it. Its height is nineteen feet two inches, its width nearly seven feet, and its length thirteen feet seven inches, without the pole, and twenty-eight feet and a half with the pole. Notwithstanding the refinement which is displayed in the construction of several parts of it, it does not admit of a lateral movement of more than four inches; so that it requires much time and a very extended space to bring it completely round in. In spite of this circumstance, his Burmese Majesty, who is rather curious in his carriages, thinks that the carriages of his own manufacture are much handsomer, and much more convenient, than those of our manufacture, and absolutely laughed at the conveniences of an English carriage which was sent him, a few years ago, by the Governor-General of India.

Large Diamond.—The Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, possesses the largest and finest diamond which has hitherto been discovered. It is said to be of the first water, and weighs 367 carats, while the celebrated Pitt diamond weighs only 127. The Mattan diamond is shaped like an egg, with an indented hollow near the smaller end. It was discovered at Laudak, about ninety years ago; and though the possession of it has occasioned numerous wars, it has been about eighty years in the Mattan family. Many years ago the Governor of Batavia sent a Mr. Stewart to ascertain the weight, quality, and value of this diamond, and to endeavour to purchase it, and in this mission he was accompanied by the present Sultan of Pontiane. After examining it Mr. Stewart offered a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the diamond, the sum to which he was limited; and in addition to this sum, two war brigs, with their guns and ammunition, together with a certain number of great guns, and a quantity of powder and shot. The Rajah, however, refused to deprive his family of so valuable an hereditary possession, to which the Malays attach the miraculous power of curing all kinds of diseases, by means of the water in which it is dipped, and with which they imagine the fortune of the family is connected.

An itinerant singing master lately slept a few weeks in a village in the North. The day after his arrival, the following notice in manuscript was observed on the door of the Post-office:—"*Sinning* will commence this evening at seven o'clock, by Mr. ——, in Mr. B.'s, and will continue every *lawful* evening till stopt."

The Naturalist's Diary.

DECEMBER, 1825.

[*From Time's Telescope.*]

The Winter is approaching: our eyes are no longer dazzled by the penetrating rays of the sun, nor delighted by the variegated colours of a summer prospect; the earth, shrouded in white after the slow, silent fall of the flakes of snow, presents to us on every side the same desolate scene; every thing from the hut to the castle, from the oak to the tuft of grass, wears an appearance of uniformity. Thus Winter seems contrasted with Summer, as the silence and the equality of the tomb is contrasted with the noisy bustle and continual variety of life. Yet we will say with the poet,—

> O! Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
> I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
> And dreaded as thou art.

Indeed, to one of a melancholy, though not discontented turn of mind, there is something not disagreeable, nay more, there is something *pleasing*, in the departure of summer, and the approach of the more rugged season:—the former, indeed, it must be acknowledged, excites our spirits to the highest pitch of buoyancy and mirth; but the latter awakes all those melancholy yet pleasing emotions inherent in a contemplative mind. The glow of the summer's day, and the vivid colours of nature, fill us with a momentary burst of cheerfulness; the sporting of the cattle, the song of the birds, and the apparent enjoyment of the whole creation, from man to the butterfly, communicate to us a sympathetic pleasure, arising from the feeling that every thing around us is happy and contented. Yet there is something in the dry chill of the wintry atmosphere, in the hollow melancholy sound of a December storm, which rouses in our minds the sweet sensations of pity and of charity, suggested, perhaps, by the recollection that there are some, who, less fortunate than ourselves, are exposed to wander, without a home, during the inclemencies of the season. We are more pleased with the confidence reposed in us by the unfortunate wanderer of the feathered tribe, whom the frost has deprived of his food, and who, trusting to our hospitality, plaintively demands relief at our window, than by his more lively song during the happier season of the summer. We feel more pleasure at hearing the harsh chirp of the sparrow, when we have made him happy by scattering before him the crumbs which have perhaps saved him from starvation, than we derive from the most melodious song of the nightingale. We would freely exchange the glowing tint and the warm air of a summer's evening, and the emotions of love and pleasure which it excites, for the lonely silence of the winter night, when the clear sky appears to exhibit the whole immensity of the creation, and fills the mind with ideas of religion and eternity. It is at this time that the wisdom and the beneficence of the Deity, the greatness of his power, the beauty of his works, are most conspicuous: we feel an internal satisfaction at being ourselves a part, however insignificant, of that immense system which then presents itself to our view in all its splendour and magnificence. It is when this most beautiful of prospects is before our eyes, that the mind is most turned towards contemplation and to thoughts of a more serious nature. It seems then, indeed, that

> Our mind,
> Expanded by the Genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal.——

We have often descanted, in the course of our annual lucubrations, on the "pleasures of winter;" the frosty morning's walk, with its invigorating breezes,—the long nights, devoted alternately to study and to society, with the enlivening blaze of a sea-coal fire,—and the "*glass* that cheers, but not inebriates,"—are no small attractions, and peculiarly endear to us this festive season of the year: we, of course, include the "pleasures of home." How often, in returning across the fields of a dry, frosty, moonlight evening in December, have we chanted aloud this exquisite description of the poet:—

> 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,
> 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Towards the end of the month, woodcocks and snipes become the prey of the fowler. The jack-snipe (*scolopax gallinula,*) which visits us at this period, is a *decided species*, with marked and singular habits.

The evergreen trees with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued: the different species of everlasting flowers, so pleasing an ornament to our parlours in winter, and indeed during the whole year, also attract our attention. The oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, in part retain their leaves: while other trees are entirely denuded of their beautiful dress, their "leafy honours" being strewed in the dust, and return to their parent earth; yet some attractions are still left as a promise of future beauty. The scarlet berries of the common holly, and the *pyracanthus*, with its bunches of fiery berries on its dark green thorny sprays, solicit our attention,—while numerous tribes of mosses will afford sufficient amusement and occupation for the inquiring botanist,—and the poet's lyre, vibrating with melancholy but soothing harmony, records the fall of the few remaining withered leaves that flutter about him in his noonday walk.

The general silence that prevails at the conclusion of our summer months is particularly solemn and affecting:—all nature seems languid and at rest; "the singing of birds and the voice of the turtle are no longer heard in the land;" the solemn fall of a leaf, or a shrewmouse rustling in the withered foliage, awakes almost alone our contemplative reverie. We have now a full sense of the loss we sustain in the departure of our summer birds, and the animation and cheerfulness which these little wanderers communicate to our groves:—pendent from the mossy limb of an oak, we see the *parus* tribe (tom-tits) in active silence, seeking their insect food, uttering, at long intervals, a note so low and feeble, that makes us sensible of the surrounding stillness; the nut-hatch hammering on some distant tree, or the screech of the jay alone is heard to disturb the unbroken solemnity of nature. The redbreast, who has forsaken us all the summer long, now accompanies our rambles; flitting before our steps like some ministering attendant, he comes from we know not where, but is always present, voiceless and attentive. The insect myriads that peopled every woodland glade, gay and glittering in the changing lights, are no more, and we have only some "shard clad beetle" creeping feebly along the path, or resting in torpid silence on a fallen leaf. Yet Nature, so seemingly in repose, is now actively at work, and in her secret laboratory is preparing her essences, mouldering her fruits, and fabricating her forms, for summer's coming gale. Many of the insect race are now busily employed in accomplishing the removal of substances that would encumber the earth but for their agency, and accelerating their return to the dust from whence they sprang. Those curious little meanderings, sometimes in the form of a leaf, or a well-trained pear-tree, which may be noticed on a wall, on the ashen bar of a stile, or on the surface of some elm paling, or fence, are the winter work of insects, (*ips scolytus, ips nigor, &c.*) whose grubs, unseen by us, are now forming their labyrinthine paths, and proceeding to their perfect state: a larger race of these wood-devourers mine deeper in the substance, but all are employed in the accomplishing one great object of their existence,—the removal of incumbrances from the earth.

The little insights that we obtain into Nature's works are really all of them the offspring of scientific research. Partial and uncertain as our labours are, yet a brief gleam will occasionally enlighten the darksome path of the humble inquirer, and give him a momentary glimpse of hidden truths:—let not, then, the idle and the ignorant scoff at him who gives an unemployed hour to investigate a *fungus*, a *shell*, or a *moss*, "in the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace;"—they are all the formation of Supreme Intelligence, and have led us, by gentle gradations, to a knowledge of Infinite Wisdom; have calmed and amused many of us worms and reptiles in our earthly shell, and bettered us for our change to a new and more perfect state of being!

Correspondence.

THE CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be glad if some of your classical readers would inform me, through the medium of your instructive miscellany, whether the elision of vowels at the end of a word, when the next word begins with a vowel; as also the elision of the termination *m*, when the following word begins with a vowel; whether this elision, which is necessary to perfect the measure of the line in Latin poetry, should be observed by the moderns in reading aloud; or whether it was observed by the ancient Romans themselves in their recitations of poetry? For instance, the third line of the first book of the Æneid is written thus:

"Litora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto;"

but, in order to make it a correct hexameter line, it should be thus,

"Litora: mult' ill' et terris jactatus et alto."

Now, what I want to know is, whether, in reading aloud, for the benefit of others, the line should be read with the elisions, as in the latter case, or simply as it is written in the book, without any elision, as in the former case.

Though I must confess I know nothing about it, yet I should think, from that celebrated line in the third book of the Æneid,

'Monstrum horrendum, informe ingens cui lumen ademptum,'

that it was the practice of the Romans to recite their poetry with the elisions. Virgil evidently intended, in the above line, that the sound should be an echo to the sense;

"*Monstr' horrend' inform'* ingens cui, lumen ademptum;"

and how well he has succeeded, the latter shape and sound of the line bears witness. Besides, I think that this was the practice of the Romans, because all the harmony and metre of versification would be lost, if it were so, and many lines of Latin verse reduced to the form of common prose. But if this were the case, those who are always saying how much superior is the versification of the ancient poetry to the modern, are, I think, most miserably mistaken. This elision of terminations occurs so frequently in the Latin poetry, that it must have caused a very great obscurity; and it is, moreover, unsightly, and harsh in the extreme. I should be glad if some of your able classical correspondents would remove my doubts on this subject.—Yours, &c. INQUIRER.

Liverpool, November 24, 1825.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales, vol. iii. p. 109, mention is made of an "Essay, by David Hume, on the Study of History, which is particularly addressed to women." It is there stated, also, that "it is not to be found in several of the late editions of Hume's Essays," and, "that it is singular that it should be preserved in a French translation," viz. in the "*Journal Etranger.*"

The essay alluded to is not in the copy of Hume's Essays which I possess; nor have I ever met with it. On the subject of the study of history, the opinions of so great a master are desirable; and I shall be glad if you, or any of your readers, can direct me to the edition of Hume's works in which the essay may be found. If it does not exist in English a translation would be very desirable. Yours, &c. AVENS.

November 29, 1825.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

CHESS CHALLENGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to *Mungo*'s letter in this day's *Kaleidoscope*, *Amateur* begs to inform him that his friends decline playing on the terms he proposes. If *Mungo* will meet them, and play a game off-hand, they will feel honoured in having him for an antagonist. *Mungo* need not expect to meet a host, not more than four gentlemen will be present, and not more than two play. *Mungo* may say he should not wish to be known:—to that objection I propose that we meet when there is sure to be two rooms at liberty, and *Mungo* can make his moves through the medium of a note, or on a slip of paper, and by that means he will have no occasion to discover himself. *Spero* will not be one of the party. If *Mungo* will agree to this, he may name the time and place where we are to meet; and a letter left at the Mercury-office, addressed to X Y Z, will be duly attended to.

P. S.—If *Mungo* objects to the foregoing proposition, would he have any objection to meet to play *one* of the party, in which case he must discover himself?

November 29, 1825.

The Kaleidoscope.

BAD ENGLISH IN THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

Several years ago we observed that those pleasing works, whoever may be their author, abound in grammatical inaccuracies, and other palpable defects, in a very extraordinary degree. One of our correspondents has called upon us to adduce some instances in proof of the justice of this charge; but, as we made no notes ourselves of the numerous blunders we found upon the hasty perusal of those works, we shall avail ourselves of the list furnished by the editor of the *Examiner*, who has detected at least a hundred in the several novels which he names. We think the editor has been somewhat too fastidious, as many of the extracts he gives are not ungrammatical, although they are certainly vulgar, tautological, careless, and defective in euphony. The critic in the *Examiner* might, however, have omitted those altogether in his list, as there is no lack of palpable grammatical blunders, a few of which we here subjoin, taken almost indiscriminately from a very long catalogue. If our correspondent wishes for more specimens we are sorry to add that we can supply him with similar "slip slop" *ad libitum*.

FROM IVANHOE.

"As their horses' hoofs had *died away*," &c.—Vol. 1, p. 28.

"Our Turkish captives are as fierce and intractable as Odin himself could have been; yet two *months* in my household, under the management of my master of the slaves, has made them humble, submissive, serviceable, and observant of your will."—Vol. 1, p. 29.

"Whosoever *thou art*, it is discourteous in *you* to disturb my thoughts."—Vol. 1, p. 33.

"I was *born a native* of these parts, answered the guide."—Vol. 1. p. 35.

"Open and frank features, fine teeth, and a *well-formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good humour* which often lodges with a *sudden* and *hasty* temper."—Vol. 1, p. 38.

"Few of these were *attached* to him from inclination, and none from personal *attachment*."—Vol. 2. p. 1.

"For the Normans being a mixed race, and better *informed*, according to the *information* of the times," &c.—Vol. 2. p. 42.

"I did injustice, he said, to the theives and outlaws of these woods, when I suppose such *banditti* to belong to their *bands*."—Vol. 2. p. 81.

FROM THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

"The long-continued hostilities which had for centuries *divided* the south and the north *divisions* of the island of Britain," &c.—Vol. 1. p. 1.

"They could in many cases adapt their address to the peculiar *appearance* and *apparent* taste of the passengers."—Vol. 1. p. 4.

"And was *bred*, therefore, as well as *born*, a Londoner, with all the *peculiar* acuteness and address and audacity, which belong *peculiarly* to the youth of a metropolis."—Vol. 1. p. 6.

"And he *became* far from *being* a popular character *among* their society."—Vol. 1, p. 23.

"*Every circumstance* (she said) occurring in these moments, when I still enjoyed a delusive idea of happiness, *are* deeply imprinted in my remembrance."—V. 1, p. 163.

"The chairs were of different *forms* and *shapes*."—Vol. 1, p. 197.

"Peppercole, *who* she knew *to be* as capable of any act of treacherous cruelty," &c.—Vol. 1, p. 103.

"Flowing *partly* from national *partiality*, *partly* from a sense," &c.—Vol. 1, p. 59.

FROM THE HEART OF MID LOTHIAN.

"A white handkerchief was thrust into the muzzle of the piece, and returned *unsoiled* or *blackened*."—Vol. 1, p. 48.

"The late object of her terror, who became at that moment, though she could not well assign a reasonable *cause*, rather *the cause of her interest*."—Vol. 1, p. 84.

"It was fortunate for Jeanie, in an emergency like the *present*, that she possessed *presence* of mind and courage, so soon as the *first hurry of surprise enabled her to rally her recollection*."—Vol. 1, p. 87.

"At length these *moments* of constraint were *removed*."—Vol. 1, p. 144.

"He watched his daughter with a faultering and indecisive *look*, until she *looked* back upon him with a *look* of unutterable anguish."—Vol. 1, p. 145.

This day is published, by R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, in a neat volume, 12mo, price 7s.

CHRISTMAS TALES, for 1825: to be continued annually. The pieces composing this volume, partly original, and partly translated from foreign writers of eminence, are designed to contribute to the stock of national amusement provided for beguiling an occasional vacant hour during the approaching holidays.

Also, AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF FERDINAND FRANCK, in one very neat pocket volume, pp. 282, price 4s. A portion of these Memoirs appeared in the first and second volumes of the "Forget-Me-Not," for the pages of which the whole was destined; but, in consequence of the length to which they have unexpectedly extended, the publisher has printed them separately, in the same form as the "Forget-Me-Not."

To Correspondents.

CHESS.—Our correspondent *Mungo*, whose letter arrived too late for insertion, is informed, that we fear we cannot proceed with confidence, without an interview; after which we should go on smoothly, with a certainty of avoiding mistakes or ambiguity. We shall be at the office every day, about noon; and until we either see or hear from *Mungo* we shall suspend all further operations. We have also something to communicate to *Mungo;* and we wish also to introduce him to a party of chess-players, who wish to make common cause with him in a match against the Manchester club, whose challenge was given in the last number of the *Kaleidoscope*. We are of opinion that the Manchester gentlemen would prefer playing a body, rather than an individual. After the interview we have proposed, we have no doubt that arrangements will be made to enable us, in our next number, to give at least half a dozen moves of the individual games, and to proceed regularly and briskly on, each week, until the termination of the games.

MIRAMICHI.—We shall take into immediate consideration the hint of *Philanthropos*, who wishes us to put on record in the volumes of the *Kaleidoscope*, some account of the recent and frightful catastrophe which has overwhelmed the population of Miramichi and the neighbourhood. We have in our eye a letter on the subject, which we shall probably appropriate, as it is written in a style somewhat better than any of the narratives we have perused.

THE WIDOW OF BELZONI.—We thank *A Constant Reader* for his suggestion.—The article recommended for insertion is in our portfolio for early appropriation.

The following are in the hands of our printers for immediate publication:—*B. C.—Anonymous—A. M* to *L.—Amateur—Amicus—A Cockney—D. T. T.—P.—B. G.—A. M.—W. A.—A.—Quiz*—several communications already promised, and the lines of *G.* of Manchester, from whom we are led to expect some further communication on the subject of magnetism, which may tend to illustrate the lines just received.

ERRATUM.—In the lines headed "The Apostate," in our last, third line, last stanza, for *my*, read *thy*.

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